

I talk to my plants. These days, more than ever. We communicate. Quietly.

Every night, before closing my eyes, but after the lights have been tripped with the flick of a radio-wave switch, I reach up and run my fingers through the leaves of my *Madagascar dragon tree* – common name, *Dracaena Marginata* – its long sinewy fingers lightly caressing my own.

And then, waking with the light, while raising the venetian blinds in the raw, those same appendages - no matter how I bob and weave - reach out and tickle my backside, prompting on cue my salutation of *Good morning, plants*. I do love an early morning caress.

That closeness I feel towards both my plant kingdom and petting zoo with sweet mama pig and her two babies, the flying guardian angel pig, and my ever watchful lenticular Salmon Bambi has no doubt been augmented by the pleasure and creative energy derived from solitude. Off the charts? We think not.

Today, Saturday, May 2, 2020, is the seventh week of self-quarantine. Forty-nine days of quiet contemplation with the earliest limited re-socialization estimate now at two to four weeks and from one to two years before a vaccine's anticipated development. At the moment, the world to most seems out of control, spinning off its axis.

There again, it may be just going through a serious correction. Perhaps it's time. With many of the world's leaders right-wing deniers of science, do we have any choice but to watch in disbelief as the lunatics take over the asylum. If we survive for another day, so be it.

If this is the end of the world as we know it, we bought it.

Excerpted from a work in progress: *Charting My Lifetime by Girlfriends, Loves and Misses*

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